

While the fastidious herders despise the Twa for eating poultry and eggs, they maintain friendly relations with them in order the better to keep under subjection the more numerous Hutu. When a Tussi kills sheep in sacrifice, he allows the Twa to gorge themselves with mutton. Even certain offices of honour are allotted to the despised race. It is they who carry the king on his travels through the realm, and chant in royal processions; nay, the executioner, part of the king's body-guard, and the police force are, oddly enough, recruited from this most diminutive population of the country. Yet there are unpassable barriers to their social advancement: no Hutu, let alone Tussi, would marry a Twa, and neither would contract the blood-brotherhood with a member of the pariah caste.

Altogether different is the status of the Hutu tillers. In the central province of Ruanda they are certainly a subject people, who must meekly submit to the demands of the Hamitic nobles. A herdsman will not eat with a peasant because the latter does not disdain mutton or the flesh of goats, both of which are taboo to the Tussi. Yet Hutu and Tussi may become blood-brothers, and the social lines are not drawn with absolute rigour. Even some of the lesser court-dignitaries are taken from the ranks of prominent Hutu, and an impoverished herdsman will not scruple to marry a peasant woman. Moreover, a secret religious cult is open to both herders and peasants.

The question naturally arises, how does a small fraction of the total population of Ruanda succeed in keeping the remainder in check? The answer is to be found in the solidarity of the Tussi and the skill with which they have turned political conditions to their advantage. They found the Bantu Hutu broken up into numerous independent territorial clan-units, each led by an hereditary headman with little political power. These petty tribelets were constantly warring with one another, and from this turbulence the conquerors profited. Furthermore, they modified indigenous institutions by establishing the headman as a royal official charged with the duties of a tax-gatherer. In this way a simple *primus inter pares* was elevated to the position of a great chief, whose personal interest lay in his loyalty to the conquerors. Restive clans were broken up and the members were settled under other chiefs, who recognized the Tussi king as their feudal lord. A group of the Hutu was organized into a privileged class of land-owning warriors free from forced labour, while the bulk of the peasantry tilled the king's domain and worked for their immediate chief two or three days a week. A competent police force kept strict surveillance over the whole area, spying both on the great chiefs and on foreign visitors.

In this way Ruanda came to be a far better integrated political unit than most of the other interlacustrine countries, and illustrates with great lucidity the origin of a State segmented into distinct social strata as the result of the contact of distinct groups. That somewhat analogous developments have occurred in the western Sudan appears likely from the observations of Leo Frobenius and various French officials, while in other continents the presence of a slave-caste is almost invariably due to capture in war. In so far, then, Oppenheimer's scheme is seen to rest on a solid body of ethnographic facts.

If it be asked in what way the theory requires modification, the principal point to be made is that it is properly not a theory of the State but a theory of caste. It explains the origin of hereditary classes, but it does not solve the more fundamental problem of all political organization. To be concrete, the Hutu of Ruanda

were not devoid of some form of government before the inroads of the Tussi reduced them to a state of vassalage, and the same is true of the Tussi before their elevation to the status of a pastoral nobility. Conquest led to complication and integration, but the germs of statehood antedated these processes. Thus, the conception current throughout the pastoral nobility of interlacustrine Africa, that the ruler is owner of all the cattle with the prerogative of bestowing upon his followers tenure-rights over the herds, is manifestly an old Hamitic notion presenting a novel variation of the feudal idea.

It can not, moreover, be safely inferred that caste-differences can spring exclusively from the subjugation of an alien group. To mention but one alternative possibility, the law of primogeniture inevitably degrades a majority of persons of noble descent to a lower rank, as shown in Tonga and in Vancouver Island. Finally, the motive for the maintenance of caste-differences need not be sought entirely in economic exploitation; as already noted, ideological factors, such as religious taboos, are likely to play their part. But when all allowances are made, Oppenheimer's theory still supplies beyond doubt the most satisfactory answer to the special problem of caste.

ROBERT H. LOWIE.

(To be concluded.)

THE ADJUSTABLE JEW.

SUCH extremists as the Harvard authorities and Mr. Henry Ford have combined (unconsciously, one is inclined to believe) to aggravate in this country the old and highly complicated Jewish problem. Anti-Semitism is again furnishing texts and symposia for grateful editors; race-consciousness is once more a "burning issue," fanned by those professional Zionists whose *métier* is martyrdom; all the peculiarly Jewish vices (an ascending scale from sharp dealing in private to loud speaking in public) are being freshly exposed in fraternity houses and country clubs. We await, with ironic confidence, the news that seventeen Gentile children have been sacrificed upon our sanguine Passover tables. Unless the automobile business should fall into the clutches of the mythical "monopoly of Jewish bankers," nothing would surprise us less than an enthusiastic series of pogroms, beginning in Detroit and supported vigorously via articles in the *Dearborn Independent*, by Mr. G. K. Chesterton.

But while we Jews suffer from our avowed antagonists, we are embarrassed—and actually hurt—far more by our tolerant interpreters. No series of explanations has ever been written, and this paper is probably no exception, that has not been a hodge-podge of general misstatements and special pleading, of distorted facts and still more distorted inferences, of patronage and partisanship, of—to continue the tempting alliteration—prejudice, polemic and platitude. Mr. Hilaire Belloc, the latest of our friendly analysts, has written a book that is a candid proof of the foregoing statements. It is called succinctly "The Jews," and is as crammed with contradictory generalities, half truths and absurd suggestions as a President's message to Congress. Time and again, Mr. Belloc proves for us that we are an unassimilable race, that we refuse to adjust ourselves to cultures other than our own. "The Italians assimilated the Lombards; the Greek the Slav; the Dacian has absorbed even the Mongol; but the Jew has remained intact." We can not change our spots, that is plain. Yet we are informed that Spain, by the mere mechanical process of religious conversion, has allowed so much intermarriage that, at one

time, to quote Shane Leslie (another confused apologist) "hardly an archbishop or grandee in the peninsula but carried a Semitic touch—which may account for a good deal of the art and theology of Spain." We belong to no one nation; we express ourselves only. Granted again. Yet, a few pages later, Mr. Belloc lists, among the leaders in British Governments, a Prime Minister (Disraeli), a Lord Chancellor (Herschell), a Master of the Rolls (Jessel), a Lord Mayor (Montefiore) and, majestic climax, a Viceroy of India (Isaacs). We adhere, leech-like, to our old codes and customs, Mr. Belloc charges in his opening; we are racial as well as religious nonconformists. Yet Mr. Belloc recognizes the Jewish origins of such spiritual spokesmen as Browning, Matthew Arnold, Charles Kingsley and even—a truly Semitic satire—the founder of an international Christian sect, General Moss (né Moses) Booth.

These are only a few of one critic's paradoxes, but they are both typical and significant. They are misleading in the way that all generalities are misleading; one might as well base a philosophy on such scattered and inconclusive evidence, as attribute the Orientalizing of America (a theory that is finding many supporters), to Christopher Columbus's grandfather, a Portuguese Jew. The truth is that the Jews are a remarkably adaptable people, and it is to this gift for adaptability that they owe their continued existence. The Egyptian could do nothing with his ritual away from the Nile; he cursed an inflexible world and died. The Greeks, the Romans, the Assyrians lacked the gift or the trick of maintaining their spiritual integrity while seeming to surrender it; they were broken by civilizations before which they refused to bend. But the Jews, endowed with the technique of persistence, gave up everything and (following the advice of one of their repudiated leaders) lost their soul, with cheerful regularity, in order to save it. They told themselves that they were a stubborn and uncomfortable people; they had no place in a godless and degenerate world; their speech was a fiery refusal to conform; they defied the encroachments of modernity. Yet their final gesture was a shrug, and with a wry resignation in which pity and irony fought for mastery, they accepted the terms of the moment.

It is this facility of compromise that has enabled the Jew to identify himself with every movement of life to perpetuate itself. Instead of being the proverbially unadjustable unit, he shifts his ground whenever his position grows untenable; he has learned that the species that lives is the one that is variable. So one finds the Jew not, as his critics perennially insist, in one characteristic attitude, but occupying a place at every extreme. I would ask the essayists who delight in such subjects as "The Jew in Politics," "The Jew as Radical," "The Jewish Spirit in This or That," to think, before they round their periods, of the blandly conservative Adolph S. Ochs while they are using the diabolic Leon Trotzky to point a moral; to remember that Henry Morgenthau, who whitewashed Poland, was in the service of the Wilson Administration at the same time as Walter Lippmann; to read the smooth superficialities of Fanny Hurst before they label the dark introspections of Waldo Frank as exclusively "Hebraic"; to compare the casual railery of Simeon Strunsky's essays with the excited intensity of those of Paul Rosenfeld; to reconcile the divergence in poetry of the affirmative rhapsodies of James Oppenheim, the flippant grace-notes of Franklin P. Adams, the twitching and almost tortured ironies of Maxwell Bodenheim.

In the spiritual conflict, the Jew is no more unresponsive, no less ready to follow the varied colours of his age. He, too, has witnessed the smashing of old ideals and, lonely at having lost his God, is searching, with the rest of the world, for a new faith. Here, too, he is experimental; he frequently allies himself with ultra-reformed services, with Ethical Culture societies, with—naïvely enough—Christian Science. Possibly metaphysics is to be the future substitute for religion; and so, at heart a mystic, he is among the first to join those who are finding salvation in the anti-materialistic concepts of Korzybski, Steiner, Ouspensky.

In short, the Jew is not only the product of his heritage but the product of his time. Unusually sensitive, he records all its chameleon-like changes, its disturbing self-contradictions; and until this sensitive adaptability, this compromise between character and conformity, is analysed, the "problem" of the Jew will remain as muddled as it is to-day.

LOUIS UNTERMAYER.

CONVERSATION IN A GARDEN.

WE speak of many things in the garden of my friend, the Chinese sage. It is a stimulating environment. Men come and go, bringing the news of the world; while the broad yellow river flows by unceasingly, as if bearing a bountiful yet unhurried gift from the heart of China. Swelling behind the tall bamboos, and prominent from every path, this river dominates the garden; it is an old and placid flood, long settled in the landscape; it fills the pauses of the conversation with a note of dignity and power. To it Lisseh often turns in silence, waiting for us to understand.

Sitting this morning in the rose arbour at the foot of the garden, we were joined by an American, a traveller in the East; one whom we had known in youth but had not seen for years. Talk fell, almost inevitably in this grave period, on the future of races and lands; and in the course of talk our friend from the West uttered a familiar platitude. "But it is admitted," he said, in answer to Lisseh's last remark, "that children should rise above their parents."

"Who admits it?" inquired our host. "And tell me, further, what, exactly, do you mean?"

"I fail to understand you," answered the other. "How is a country to progress, unless children rise above their parents?"

"That is a form of words," replied Lisseh. "Tell me, now, what idea do you wish to convey by the word 'progress,' and what by the word 'rise'?"

"By both, I mean advance."

"Advance along what course, and to what end? There are many ways to advance, and some are to retrogress; there are many ways to rise, and some are to fall. But let us take a concrete instance. Let us consider, for example, the case of a farmer with three sons. How shall these sons rise above their parents, and how shall their rise help to advance the land?"

"By being ambitious, by going out into the world and getting ahead."

"I see that I understand you correctly," said our host. "The sons of our farmer must go to the city, and enter the world of business; they must abandon the life of production, and take up mercantile affairs. They must forsake simple ways of living for ways more complex and expensive. Thus, by unconscious stages, they must pass into another economic sphere. On a visit home, they must smile at the simple transactions of the farm, with the mature view of men accustomed to deal in larger matters. With condescension tempered by loyalty they must look upon their humble birthplace, thinking of it, as they go about the fields, in terms of vast improvements; full of a vague desire to leave the artificial life that they have chosen, yet never for an instant seriously